THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Printed by *Woodruff & Pechin*, N°. 224, Market-ſtreet, near Seventh-ſtreet.

Vol. I. *Saturday, Auguſt* 29, 1795. No. 30.

FANNY:
OR, THE
HAPPY REPENTANCE.
[Continued.]

WARD, who had followed his friend at a diſtance, runs up to him, and finds him in tears—Come on, Sir, ſaid Whatley; behold the triumph of ſentiment! —Yes, I acknowledge myſelf culpable, and this gentleman had a right to tell me that I could not with propriety talk of honour: he has opened my eyes, my friend, and I fly to repair the injury I have done. Whatley explained the circumſtances of this adventure. Ward was outrageous, reproached him with meanneſs of ſpirit, and draws upon the worthy perſon who had brought him back to virtue—The ſtranger tries, by the ſtrongeſt remonſtrances, to evade fighting with the enraged baronet: but at laſt, being conſtrained to it, he cries, it was you, wretched Ward, who corrupted the virtuous Whatley—You oblige me to the crime either of ſacrificing his life, or my own—Neither my words, nor my tears, for I bluſh not to weep, have any effect upon you—Take then the conſequence, or may my death bleed your rigid heart, and bring you to repentance—Whatley would have parted them, but Ward would not hear him. They fight—The ſtranger diſarms him, and gives him back his ſword, ſaying, live, and enjoy the privilege of repentance. Whatley made new efforts to appeaſe his friend—But he fell with greater fury on his generous adverſary, and at laſt received a mortal thruſt that laid him on the ground. The ſtranger immediately took him by the arm, aſſiſted by Whatley, who bathed his friend with tears. The conqueror gave himſelf up to the moſt piercing grief. O Heaven! ſaid he, with groans, that I ſhould be guilty of ſuch a crime! That I ſhould ſhed human blood, the blood of a fellow creature! Ah! my lord, continued he to Whatley, I partake in your diſtreſs—Sir Thomas Ward has involved me in this guilt, I ought, rather, to have let him run me through the heart: I never ſhall ſurvive this accident. Whatley's ſervants came and took away the body of Ward, while his lordſhip and the ſtranger returned to town in the ſame carriage, ſtruck with the deepeſt concern and melancholy. The people in the neighbourhood who had been preſent at the combat, all depoſed in favour of the conqueror. Whatley having recovered from his firſt emotions of grief, diſcovered at length that the perſon who had killed the baronet, was an officer of birth, and diſtinguiſhed for his merit and his bravery. He had retired from ſervice, and lived like a true philoſopher, that is, like a man who had the ſupport of honour and virtue at heart. He employed the greateſt part of his fortune in the relief of indigence—He avoided ſplendour, and lived under the protective and pleaſing ſhade of his own integrity. His name was Windham. Whatley flew to his apartment, whom he no ſooner perceived than he cried, Ah! my lord! I ſhall ſoon follow my unhappy victim to the grave—I cannot bear to think of this event, to think that I have deprived a man of his life! I ought to have evaded a circumſtance ſo horrible. Fatal prejudice! How long ſhall it triumph over reaſon! Is it thus a man ſerves his country? How nearly does ſuch virtue border on a crime!

This worthy man was pierced with grief and melancholy, nevertheleſs, he recovers the health that he apprehended he ſhould no longer enjoy. Whatley, while he bewailed the fate of his friend, was obliged to own that he alone had been to blame, and that he had obliged Windham to come to extremities. He was no leſs ready to acknowledge that the baronet had been the cauſe of all his irregularities, that he had led him into the ſhameful treachery, the diſgrace of his life—in one word, that he had been the occaſion of all Fanny's ſufferings. Theſe reflections rendered the memory of Sir Thomas leſs dear to his friend.

Windham informed his lordſhip of the cruel behaviour of lord Darnton, with regard to the unfortunate Adams. What a deſcription for Whatley! His ſoul had recovered all its honeſty, all its ſenſibility. Windham was a kind of ſuperior being, who reſcued him from that gulph of depravity into which Ward had plunged him; and Whatley wiſhed for nothing but the moment that ſhould reſtore him to his Fanny, the only wife of his heart.

Wigdham related ſuch circumſtances as ſtill heightened his impatience to ſee her. That worthy man, in travelling over the different counties of England, had been led by accident, to the houſe of that clergyman with whom Fanny and her family had taken refuge. It was from themſelves, he learnt their misfortunes, and the perfidious behaviour of lord Whatley. Windham, with pleaſure indulged his impatience: and they took their way to the village where the clergyman lived.

Whatley already felt the happineſs of repairing his injuries, and at length they arrived. But what a thunderſtroke to the penitent lord! They found the clergyman dead; and the place where Adams and his family had retired was unknown. It was only obſerved, that wherever they were, they muſt be very miſerable—This, cried lord Whatley, is what I have done—I am the cauſe why theſe unfortunate people, perhaps, are now no more—It is I who have murdered the moſt adorable of women. Let us go no farther, my generous friend! Here I will die—Here, where my Fanny has wept and reproached me—No, angelic creature! You never could love me after ſuch enormities; my conduct is deteſtable even in my own eyes. Let us go my lord, ſaid Windham, let us not idly give up our ſearches here—Why ſhould we diſtruſt the goodneſs of Heaven? It is that which has opened your eyes—Let us believe that we are under the conduct of providence, and that your Fanny will be reſtored to your arms, that you may make reſtitution for all the injuries you have done to her and her relations—Virtue has its rewards ſometimes even in this world. Thus he encouraged the deſpairing Whatley—They purſued their journey, and made the moſt diligent enquiries.

Windham himſelf at length began to deſpair of ſucceſs, and the unhappy lord was in the greateſt diſtreſs. They were on horſeback, and unattended, when they met a baronet of Windham's acquaintance; he ſtopped a little to talk with him, and Whatley rode forward.

A child was weeping very bitterly at a little diſtance from the road—The poor innocent appeared to be about ſix or ſeven years of age—It had an air of delicacy which was touching, under the diſadvantages of a poor dreſs. Its tears, its native comelineſs, greatly moved his lordſhip. He looked upon the child with pity, and could not draw his eyes from it. What makes you weep, my little dear, ſaid he? My poor mamma! She told me ſhe ſhould die ſoon, and ſhe wept when ſhe kiſſed me—Mamma is very unhappy—We have nothing to live upon—Mamma cries, and grand papa is ſick in bed. Thus the child, with mingled tears and ſighs, uttered its little complaints. Poor child! but your father, my dear—Oh! Sir, I never ſaw my papa—It is my papa—It is my papa that has made us all unhappy—Mamma often talks of him. She ſays ſhe loves him, and ſhall love him as long as ſhe lives—Though, to be ſure, he has given her a great deal of trouble—She makes me pray to God for him every day—Poor papa is in a very bad way, added the child, weeping as if its little heart would break.

Lord Whatley was affected, and alighting from his horſe, ran towards the child, who did not ſeek to ſhun him, but ſtretched out its arms to embrace him. Embrace me, my little angel! you are a ſweet child—And what are your parents? they work in the field—Your mother too?—She is always the firſt to go to work, Sir, though ſhe has not much ſtrength—She takes care of my grand papa—I wiſh I were rich, that I could help my poor mamma ſhe is ſo very good—and where do you live my dear child?—Below there, Sir!—ſhewing him a wretched cottage—will you go with me to your dear mamma?—Oh! ſhe would chide me, Sir!—My mamma ſees nobody. Fear not, ſaid his lordſhip, ſtill embracing the child, I will make your excuſe—The child heſitated, looked at him, and gave him its hand—He took it in one of his, and with the other held his horſe's bridle. Windham followed him at a diſtance. He went along with the child, who conducted him to a poor hut covered with thatch, and ſurrounded by a miſerable hedge—A few paces from the cottage he ſaw a woman ſitting on the ſide of a ditch with a mattock in her hand, and ſeemingly oppreſſed with fatigue and melancholy—The child goes up to her—Pray, mamma, do not chide me for bringing this gentleman, who wanted to ſee you—She looked up—Whatley fell at her feet—My dear Fanny!—My lord Whatley! She fainted away. Her child threw itſelf into her arms—And at the ſame moment Windham came up—Whatley firſt recovered—My dear Fanny! It is you!—O my friend! I have found the miſtreſs of my heart—My excellent, my only love, ſee me at your feet! Lift up your eyes! Behold your lover! your huſband—who repents from his ſoul! My dear Fanny, to what a condition have I reduced you!

Whatley was proſtrate at her feet, which he preſſed to his lips and bathed with his tears. Fanny recovers from her ſwoon, and falling into his boſom, is it you ſaid ſhe, my lord Whatley?—Yes, my adorable love, it is your huſband, who repenting of all

his follies and vices, returns to virtue in your embraces, and to that tenderneſs which now poſſeſſes his ſoul, and makes him die to repair your injuries! —My lord! have you embraced your child, ſaid Fanny tenderly—Go my dear, and embrace your father—My child! O God! My child!—This perfectly overcame him—He careſſed Fanny and her child by turns, and preſſed them to his boſom—Yes, my lord, continued Fanny, it is your child—the fruit of our unhappy love—I have brought him up to love you, that when he ſurvived me, he might tell you of his unfortunate mother; for had you come a few days later, you would not have ſeen me here—I ſhould have been in the grave—I ſhould have left a letter in his hands, and might have flattered myſelf—Here ſhe could proceed no farther—Her ſwelling boſom would not give her utterance, and Whatley took her again into his arms—Ah! tell me not of my crimes! I am ſeverely puniſhed for them—I feel it at my ſoul—But oh! Could I then reduce to ſuch a condition the moſt amiable, the moſt valuable of women? May I, my deareſt life—May I by every inſtance of love, and tenderneſs, prevail on you to forget my barbarity, my treachery—My undeſerved treachery?—Then he ſpoke—And wept upon her hand as he preſſed it to his mouth.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

TO AQUARIS.

SIR,

IT argues as much temerity and preſumption in writers, to engage in literary conteſts without a competent fund of information, as for men to traverſe the remote regions of the ocean, without the art of navigation. The generality of mankind ſeem actuated by a myſterious impulſe of affecting thoſe qualifications with which their minds were never endowed by the plaſtic hand of nature. Thus many eminent profeſſors of the abſtruſer ſciences, deſtitute of a monopoly of fame, have rendered themſelves peculiarly ridiculous by wielding the pen of inſpiration; ſuch are the diſaſterous impreſſions of vanity upon the human heart, and ſuch beings remind one of the emblematical repreſentation of owls with ſpectacles on, or monkies profeſſionally decorated in magiſterial wigs.

I do not intend, Sir, by theſe inſinuations to deprecate your talents; for though the moſt ſuperficial reader muſt bear unequivocal teſtimony of the incompetency of your arguments, and the extreme tenuity of your philoſophical knowledge, yet your better ſtars might have endued you with a ſuperior agility in wielding the hoe of a ſcavenger; thoſe intellects which are manifeſtly not ſuſceptible of philoſophical deductions, might admirably promote your fame, by dictating the ſound of "*oyſters.*"

You have perhaps, Sir, learnt the old adage, that "a ſilken purſe cannot be made of a ſow's ear," & an attentive peruſal of your late productions, will indace a rational belief, that the utmoſt effort of human application would not elevate your mind above mediocrity. I am convinced ſir, from a certain boobyiſhneſs in the texture of your phraſes, which diſcover neither ſentiment nor phyſical intelligence, that you could not decide whether this earth rolls through ether, or reſts on a ſnapping turtle, as ſome of the ancients believed; or whether the ſun is fixed in the center of the ſyſtem, or diurnally drawn through the heavens by a pair of oxen.

But with your leave ſir, I will now advert to the marrow of your arguments. You ſay, "Before our *naturaliſt* draws his concluſion, he ought to prove, that the falling of the water, without the *aid of any thing elſe*, has effected the intrenchment:" So ſir, before you hazzard your random aſſertions, you ought to aſcertain whether or not this ſomething elſe *has* occurred to accelerate the diminution of the rock. If I might be permitted to purſue your ſuggeſtions, I ſhould account for the preternatural formation of this huge intrenchment, by the burrowing of ground hogs and ſkunks; and in the firſt ſtages of the earth's exiſtence, the water probably iſſued from an aperture in the northern ſide of the mountain, ſomewhat ſimilar to the bung-hole of a hogſhead. This you will admit ſir, is an ingenious hypotheſis, and well calculated to enforce conviction with philoſophers of your caſt: though perhaps it would be more congenial to your ſentiments, were I to vary our grounds of conjecture and to attempt a ſolution of this hitherto inexplicable myſtery, upon the principles of *enchantment*, according to the ratiocination of Indians. With them, and with various deſcriptions of "*ſelf created*" white philoſophers, credulity is the uſual concomitant of ignorance, and [redacted]ahogany ſages of the wilderneſs aſſure us, th[redacted] of their *Manitous*, who flounces in the waves b[redacted]w the falls, has gnawed away the rock for his amuſement.

I would not however wiſh you to confide too implicitly in this [redacted]; becauſe the heathen mythologiſts claim ſo[redacted]hare of our confidence. They inform us that the moon once fell in love with *Endymion*, and probably in her deſcent to the earth, ſhe might not only have gouged out this wonderful ditch with one of her horns, but have carried away ſeven times as much of the mountain as remains at preſent. By this direful caſualty in the remote ages of antiquity, our ditch might have been immoderately curtailed, and when the world was firſt formed, the waters might have fallen fifty miles farther to the north, near the regions of *Cataraquy*.

This unuſual mode of philoſophizing is perhaps beſt adapted to your comprehenſion, and as you ſeem to be a philoſophical novitiate, inſpired with an inordinate love of literary fame, I would refer you to the celebrated works of Baron Munchauſen, where you will learn that the moon is not made of a green cheeſe according to vulgar ſuppoſition, but formed out of a vaſt ocean of butter-milk; and by protracting your enquiries, you will diſcover the ſun to be not a globe of fire, but a huge half joe, and the ſtars ſi'penny bits. I ſhall wait the reſult of your inveſtigations, and in my next conference with you I ſhall gratify your curioſity, by an analogical proof that as ſoon as the world is turned up ſide down, all the water in the lakes will be ſpilt, and conſequently the wearing of this vaſt hog-trough of nature will ceaſe.

I remain with ineffable eſteem, yours, &c.

TOBY.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A CHILD of mis'ry uninur'd to art,
Claims for a moment an attentive ear;
He tells the bitter ſorrows of a heart
Condemn'd by fate to poignant grief and care.

Ah you who now in ſofteſt affluence roll,
Whoſe pleaſing hours on rapt'rous pinions fly;
Let my hard lot inſpire your grateful ſoul,
With one ſoft tear and ſympathetic ſigh.

The hapleſs victim of a father's rage,
From each paternal care, alas I'm torn;
A ſad exiſtence on this painful ſtage,
His callous heart has left me long to mourn.

The ling'ring hours o'er yonder peaceful lawn,
In ſearch of ſweet content I lonely ſtray;
But ſad deſpair clouds each enliv'ning morn,
And ſilent anguiſh darkens ev'ry day.

No human pleaſure can I call to view,
A calm repoſe I ſeek in vain to find:—
Unfeeling man! the life I owe to you,
To dire misfortune you have e'er conſign'd.

Oh *heav'nly* father, ſacred fire of all,
Give me that peace an *earthly* one denies;
To your bleſt realms a weary ſpirit call:
To you for ſuccour now he humbly cries.

Then ſtop thoſe tumults, wipe the ſtreaming eye,
For parting hours this wretched heart prepare:—
To heav'nly peace may I ſad wanderer fly,
And endleſs bliſs with happy ſpirits ſhare.

B.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

STANZAS

*Addreſſed to Miſs S. C****n of B********n.*

WHEN C****n wak'd my fond ſuſceptive breaſt,
With conſcious love and ſilent awe I gaz'd:
With new ſenſations of delight impreſs'd,
My rapt'rous tongue in trembling accents prais'd.

Her form beam'd nature's faſcinating pride,
Her heart by heav'n the brighteſt gem ordain'd,
Where taſte refin'd with blooming graces vied,
And tranquil peace in heav'nly plumage reign'd.

Tranſcendant beauties harmoniz'd the fair;
In her bleſt form concent'ring virtues ſhone:
I mark'd new luſtre in her peerleſs air,
And bow'd a victim to her potent throne.

With timid eye each artleſs grace ſurvey'd:
Each crimſon bluſh luxuriant fancy trac'd;
Fair as the roſe in Parian tints array'd,
With florid wreathes in verdent cincture grac'd.

Her placid mien its myſtic radiance ſhed,
As dewy Heſper of complacent eye;
My captive ſoul with rapt'rous ſoftneſs bled,
And fond reflection urg'd th' impaſſion'd ſigh.—

For her may ſpring's profuſive fragrance blow,
Love's roſeate hands his feſtive flow'rs entwine;
From inſpiration's vivid pencil flow
The breath of incenſe at her veſtal ſhrine.

Q. X. Y.

A SONG.

LOVE in my breaſt a tyrant reigning,
Bears his ſway without controul;
Proudly all reſtraint diſdaining,
To his will enſlaves my ſoul.
But I ſubmit without repining,
Or a wiſh that I were free;
For to his law my heart inclining,
My ſervice ſtill is *liberty*.

THE following paſſage in the *Emilius* of Rouſſeau written upwards of thirty years ago, is very remarkable, as it prophecies in the cleareſt manner the preſent political ſtate of Europe—that great man enforcing the plan of bringing up every child to an uſeful trade or profeſſion, thus addreſſes the great, who he juſtly ſuppoſes would ridicule his ſyſtem.

"You rely on the preſent order of things, and you do not perceive that it is ſubject to unavoidable Revolutions. The great becomes poor, the *Monarch* becomes a *Subject*. We are drawing near to a great criſis and to the age of Revolutions—I hold it to be impoſſible that the great monarchies of Europe ſhould exiſt much longer.—All that men have done, men may deſtroy. There are no indelible characters but thoſe which nature imprints, and nature makes neither princes, nor lords, nor rich men.—Happy the man who will then know how to quit the ſtation that forſakes him, and remain a man in ſpite of fate."

Emilius, Vol. 2.

Philadelphia, *Auguſt* 29.

Edmund Randolph, Eſq. has reſigned the office of Secretary of State.

The Britiſh party by publiſhing the names of the perſons in favour of the treaty, have at length ſhown their *weakneſs*—after the moſt unwearied pains, they have at length muſtered up about 170. It is pretended that theſe are merchants, but many of them are tradeſmen, under the immediate influence of particular men. The fact is (however theſe people may repreſent to the contrary) that "The People," both in town and country, are decidedly againſt the treaty. But after all, it appears that theſe perſons do not approve of the treaty, as they have not offered one argument to prove that it is advantageous to have it ratified. Even *Stephen Bleecker* himſelf, has never had the effrontery to ſhow wherein it was beneficial. Their only argument is the bug bear one of war, which they have for a long while been holding forth to intimidate women and children, but ſhould the treaty be ratified, it is ſo highly reſented by the people, as a wicked inſidious meaſure on one ſide, that war WITH THE FRENCH, it is probable will be the conſequence.

Let then the Citizens ſay, whether they will plunge this country into a war with France, to ſupport a vile miſcreant ſet of Britiſh Agents &c. in America.—The YEOMANRY ſay NO; but the *OLD TORIES* and their ſycophants ſay YES.

[*Boſton Chronicle.*]

Americans! Read the letter from Capt. Home of the Engliſh ſhip Africa to the governor of one of the members of the Union; mark the arrogance, the inſolence breathed in every line, and then aſk yourſelves, whether you would ſeek an alliance with a nation, one of the officers of which (no doubt not without inſtruction) after violating your ſovereignty by firing upon one of your veſſels within your waters, dares in this manner to add unparalelled inſult to unheard of injury. No nation but the American, and no American adminiſtration but the preſent would ſuffer ſuch conduct to paſs unpuniſhed. It is impoſſible to excuſe or paliate it. His commiſſion ſhould be required to make of him an example, or we may expect to ſee ourſelves not only inſulted but maltreated within our own cities by a pack of mercenary bullies whoſe characteriſtic is to trample on the weak and cringe to the ſtrong.

[*Aurora.*]

Extract of a letter dated Pittſburgh, 16th Auguſt, to a gentleman in this city.

"We have no news here except that we are preparing our rifles to quell any inſurrection that the Treaty may ſtir up among you. The Whiſkey Boys will be very happy to repay the viſit made them laſt ſeaſon."

Extract of a letter from Fort Waſhington, July 26.

"SINCE cloſing my letter, an expreſs has arrived from Grenville, with the agreeable intelligence that the Treaty is finiſhed, and Peace concluded on. Nothing now remains but the boundary lines to be run. We have not yet received the particulars, but I hope to be able to tell you more by the next conveyance.—The following tribes were repreſented at the Treaty.

Wyandots, from Sandusky.

Delawares, Nanticokes, Mohickans, Muneys, } Branches of the Delaware nation.

Chippewas, Attawas, Miamis, Cikapoos, Patawatomies, Ouittanaus, } Branches of the Piankaſhaws, except the Chip. and Pat.

"Preſent about 300 men, and as many women and children.—Blue Jacket came in with eight Shawaneſe; the reſt were with the Britiſh."

NEW-YORK, Auguſt 26.

HEALTH COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed to prevent the introduction and ſpreading of infectious diſeaſes in this city report,

That they cannot ſufficiently regret the exaggerated accounts that have gone abroad in the country, reſpecting the ſtate of health in this city. That they can aſſure their fellow citizens in the country and neighbouring ſtates, that they make the moſt diligent enquiries, and that their reports contain the whole truth, according to the beſt of their information.

That an epidemic fever [illegible] exiſt in a ſmall diſtrict of this city, is true, as is uſual at this ſeaſon of the year, but it is equally true, as yet it has exhibited no decided evidence of a ſpecific contagion—or of a nature peculiarly infectious,—not more than four inſtances have occurred where either phyſician, nurſe, or friend, have even been ſuſpected to have contracted a fever and (excepting that of our late worthy Health officer) not one who has died in conſequence of their attendance on the ſick. That they have heard of ſeven deaths ſince their report of the 21ſt inſt.—that they believe about 30 may now be ill—that from accurate information, the whole number of deaths, which daily occur in this city, are conſiderably ſhort of what has been uſual in the ſame ſeaſon of other years—and that the peculiar ſenſibility of the public mind, ariſing from the late ſufferings of Philadelphia, Newhaven, and Baltimore, can alone account for the preſent apprehenſions of our fellow citizens and neighbours.

By order of the Committee,

JOHN BROOME, Chairman.

Auguſt 24.

By gentlemen, paſſengers arrived in the laſt two veſſels from France, we learn that peace between France and Spain, was nearly concluded; and it was not doubted that a peace would ſhortly take place with the Emperor.

NEWPORT, Aug. 2, 1795.

I [illegible] herewith a copy of a letter I received from capt. Home, of his Britannic majeſty's ſhip Africa, which I take the moſt early opportunity of forwarding to your excellency, having the honour to be, with due reſpect and eſteem,

Your excellency's moſt obedient, and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS W. MOORE.

His excellency ARTHUR FENNER, Eſq. commander in chief of the ſtate of Rhode Iſland.

Africa, off Rhode Iſland, 31ſt July 1795.

SIR,

I did expect to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you on board the Africa; but as that is not the caſe, I am obliged to ſend an officer to you, under the preſent circumſtances, and to deſire that you will lay my letter before the governor, or other chief magiſtrate of the iſland, which is to contain theſe ſeveral requeſts.

Firſt, That there may be delivered up to me immediately, an officer who was taken on board a Britiſh ſloop, while in Newport, and confined on board the French frigate now in Rhode iſland; theſe violent proceedings being contrary to the law of all nations in a neutral port.

In the 2d place, that you may receive the aid of the civil power in this iſland, to ſend on board the Africa, all Britiſh or others, who have been captured in any veſſels, and ſet at liberty in theſe ſtates; not a feigned and pretended aid, but ſuch as our nation has a right to expect from the United States: and 3dly.

That I may be permitted to buy ſuch refreſhments as my ſhip's company are in need of; and that in caſe I ſend my own boats on ſhore, my people and officers ſhall not be liable to inſults from any of the inhabitants or others, of whatever deſcription; and to repreſent in plain terms to the governor that if any officer who carries this letter, or any other officer or people whom I may ſend upon theſe juſt and lawful occaſions receive from any one individual, whether of the nature of a mob or otherwiſe, any affront or inſult, I will immediately come in with his majeſty's ſhip under my command, and protect my own people; and further, that if the government or ſtates here, are in ſuch caſes as I have mentioned, guilty of ſuch a breach of neutrality, I will then look upon myſelf in the ſame manner, as not bound to obſerve the neutrality of theſe ports, and I am reſolved to be treated in the ſame manner in all reſpects whatever, as they do thoſe of the French Republic.

And I am more plain in the nature of my preſent demands, as I have received a hint, that if I ſend my people on ſhore, while the Medula lies at Newport, that they will be conſidered as ſpies. In this caſe I want to ſpy nothing, I am in full poſſeſſion of every intelligence regarding that ſhip, which I want to be poſſeſſed of.

And I require a written anſwer from the governor of Rhode Iſland to theſe demands and that without loſs of time.

I am, &c. H. HOME.

THOMAS WM. MOORE, Eſq. his Britannic majeſty's vice conſul at Rhode Iſland.

PORTSMOUTH, Auguſt 4.

Sunday arrived here the ſchooner Induſtry, captain Stewart, in 16 days from Antigua, all well.

Captain Stewart brings an account of the Concord, Aurora and another French ſhip of 50 guns having taken 12 or 13 ſail of tranſports with 800 troops on board, 4 ſail of merchantmen and 1 ſloop of war, all of which had arrived ſafe in different ports at Guadaloupe.

PARIS, June 15.

Letters from Holland ſtate that a large and well equipped fleet is on the point of ſailing from the ports of the Texel and Helvoetſluys, in order to diſpute with the Engliſh the empire of the north ſea.

June 16.

Adjutant General Charpentier, has this day preſented to the Convention, the twenty four ſtandards taken at Luxembourg. The garriſon conſiſted of 18,187 men. The military ſtores taken are 819 cannon, 16,944 muſquets, 1,230,000 wt. powder, and 116,000 wt. of lead and copper.

TOULON, June 8.

The fleet compoſed of one ſhip of 118 guns, two of 80 and fourteen of 74 with a number of frigates and brigs put to ſea yeſterday. It is commanded by the rear admirals Martin, Delmote and Renaudin.

The repreſentative of the people Niou, is on board the frigate L'Alceſte.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHEDRA's Paſquinade is ingeniouſly touched; but ſhe ſhaves *ſmobody* rather too cloſely.

SCARCUS (if we read the name rightly) ſeems to have written *merely* with a view to exerciſe our legible faculties.

YOUNG BUTTERFLY would ſpoil his pretty wings in an encounter with "the fairies' coach-maker" OLD GRUB.

The ACROSTIC from Haddonfield ſeems ſo full of "horrid wars, carnage and thunder" that one would ſuppoſe the lover intends to take his ſweet-heart by *ſtorm*. The inſertion of Acroſtics, is a delicate point, and the lady's permiſſion muſt be previouſly obtained.

AQUARIS No. III, and the READER came too late for this day's paper—They ſhall appear in our next.

Died on Sunday evening, at his ſeat near Frankford, the Hon. WILLIAM BRADFORD, Eſq. Attorney General of the United States.

The leaſt eulogium we can paſs upon this gentleman is—that, while living his diſtinguiſhed merits entitled him juſtly to the confidence of his country; that his deceaſe will occaſion a regret deeply felt by the public; and which will long be lamented by his numerous connexions and acquaintance.

WANTS A PLACE,

A Young Man of good recommendation, who will engage as Coachman, or attend a family as Waiter. Apply to the Printers.

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

THE VIOLIN—A Trifle.

LET rigid moraliſts exclaim
At muſic's conſecrated name,
I never think it any ſin
To play upon the violin.

Let parſons be at ſtrife with ſenſe,
I ſpurn their rigid eloquence;
And tho' they rant, and ſnarl and grin,
Yet I will ſound my violin.

Attention muſt be lull'd awhile,
The ſweaty labourer made to ſmile:
Come Clio, ſprightly muſe begin
To play upon thy violin.

We'll conſecrate this rapt'rous night
To reaſon and refin'd delight;
Thy voice the darkeſt heart ſhall win
When aided by the violin.

Hence ghaſtly care forever fly,
Nor urge the ſilent plaintive ſigh;
We'll laugh encore, nor care a pin,
When dancing to the violin.

What potent ſounds! they lull the ſtrife
That mars this inauſpicious life;
And I would go thro' thick and thin
To hear the charming violin.

Its magic ſtrings with ſoft controul
Can captivate the liſt'ning ſoul;
Long may I be as I have been,
Inraptur'd with the violin.

How bluſhing fair theſe dames appear,
Deſcribing artleſs circles here;
They love the mood they now are in,
Tranſported with the violin.

Laſt night I form'd a ſerenade
Beneath the woodlands verdent ſhade;
The wicked brambles ſcratch'd my ſhin,
As I ſtray'd with my violin.

When ſummer comes in ſmiles array'd
I viſit the ſequeſter'd ſhade;
There ſeek ſome deep receſs within,
To play upon my violin:

Or nightly on the placid deep
I make the penſive dolphins weep,
And reſt upon their golden fin,
To hear me play the violin.

From various authors I can proye
That muſic is the food of love;
The roſeate lip, the dimpled ſkin,
Are ſubjects for the violin.

My rooms the painter's hand has grac'd
Expreſſive of the muſes taſte;
There I have late emboſs'd on tin
Some duets for the violin.

Theſe notes diſſolve the ſoul in tears,
Each virgin's love ſick while ſhe hears;
Such melting ſounds as theſe I ſpin
Upon the ſoft ton'd violin.

When I'm in ſome ſad reverie,
My faithful fair will come to me,
And gently raiſe me by the chin
To play upon the violin.

Awake thou ſoft deluſive air
And prove an antidote to care;
Ah vain is pomps inceſſant din,
Contraſted with the violin.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

IRUS.

From the German, by X. *Sehhewio.*

IRUS, the abandoned Irus, whoſe food is bread and water, whoſe cloathing a ragged mantle, and the furniture of whoſe tent conſiſteth of a bundle of ſtraw in the corner of the ſame; this forſaken being was once the moſt fortunate man under the ſun.

Fortune raiſed him from the duſt and ſet him by the ſide of princes. He ſaw himſelf in the poſſeſſion of immeaſurable treaſ[illegible]—His eye was dazzled with the extraordinary ſp[illegible]our of gold—His palace was far more magnificent than the temples of the gods. Purple and gold were his moſt ordinary apparel, and his table could be juſtly ſtiled an aſſemblage of all that had ever been devi[illegible]by men, to gratify the palates of the voluptuous. An innumerable croud of flattering ſycophants attended on his ſteps. Happy was the man to whom he vouchſafed a favorable look, but ſuperlatively favoured he, who was permitted the kiſſing of his hand. He believed the name Irus, to be a reproachful remembrancer of his former poverty; he named himſelf therefore Ceraunius, or the Lightning, and all the world rejoiced at this heroic alteration.

A poet, who had formerly known him, only as the poor Irus, this hungry poet diſcovered a truth, which had been 'till now unknown, but which could not fail receiving a flattering acceptance and concurrence from all; Jupiter had conceived an affection for the mother of Ceraunius, and transformed himſelf into a Bull to enjoy her love.

Now altars were built to him—Men ſwore by his name, and the prieſts were occupied in finding by the entrails of the victims, that the great name Ceraunius, this warlike ſon of Jupiter, might be deſigned for the only pillar and ſupport of all Ithaca.

Toxaris, his former neighbour, a man whom fortune, an indefatigable induſtry, and a reaſonable frugality, had made a rich citizen, was the firſt ſacrifice to his unbridled deſires. He had for a conſ[illegible] time envied him, and that envy wa[illegible]tred, as he ſtill called him Irus; now [illegible] was the time to make him ſenſible [illegible] the effects wrought by the thunder of his father [illegible]ough his hands. Witneſſes were obtained, who aſſerted that Toxaris deſpiſed the gods, plundered the temples, ridiculed the prieſts, and by unwarrantable means had accumulated his treaſures. He was thrown into priſon and condemned to an ignominious death. His diſtreſſed wife, his innocent children, threw themſelves in tears, at the feet of our unfeeling tyrant, but to no purpoſe. Toxaris muſt die, and all that belonged to him be baniſhed. Irus remained his only heir.

Something was ſtill wanting to complete his happineſs; he would be married. The chief people of the land were deſirous to enter into an alliance with him. But Menippus alone was ſo fortunate, Irus threw his eyes on his daughter Euphorbia. He hoped through a near union with the eſteemed and wealthy Menippus, ſtill more to confirm and augment his own good fortune. Beſide this, Euphorbia was tolerably handſome (ſchön genug) and her heart unengaged. Her curling treſſes, her elevated forehead, her ſparkling eyes, her charming mouth, her inchanting boſom, her majeſtic gait, in ſhort her whole frame had enſlaved the proud Irus, and all the poets in Ithaca, ſwore that Venus herſelf had more than once become jealous of his bride. The marriage ceremony was performed; the evening arrived, and the great ſon of Jupiter haſtened to enjoy his beloved. O! exclaimed he, as he claſped her with rapture to his boſom, O! how extatic.

Here Irus awoke; his happineſs had been only a dream. He ſtill lay upon the ſame ſtraw, whereon he yeſterday repoſed, and was yet covered with the rags which conſtituted his apparel the evening before. Ceraunius had vaniſhed and the innocent Toxaris ſtill exiſted.

Juſt Publiſhed,
And for ſale at this Office,
[Price 25 cents.]

The American Remembrancer, No. I.

Being an impartial Collection of
Reſolutions, Speeches, Eſſays, &c.
Having affinity to the diſcuſſion of the
TREATY with BRITAIN.

CONTENTS.

1. Speech of Mr. Pinckney at a Meeting of the Citizens of Charleſtown, South Carolina.
2. Speech of Mr. J. Thompſon, at a Meeting of the Citizens of Peterſburgh.
3. Proceedings of the Citizens of Wilmington.
4. Speech of Mr. Cæſar Rodney.
5. Wilmington Memorial to the Preſident of the United States.
6. Obſervations on the powers granted by the Conſtitution to form treaties.
8. Defence of the Treaty by Camillus No. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5, &c. &c.

LIKEWISE—
[Price 62 cents.]

The TREATY,

Of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation,
Between his Britanic Majeſty and the United States of America—With a copious appendix, containing ſundry important papers, ſuch as proceedings of town meetings and official letters and papers relative to the treaty, calculated to aſſiſt the politician in forming an opinion on that inſtrument, and the preſent intereſting criſis in our affairs.

ALSO,
[Price 50 cents.]

The Prophecies and [illegible]mes,
BY RICHARD BROTHERS.
Profeſſed to be a revealed expoſition of the prophecies recorded in the ſcriptures, and now fulfilling.

To be SOLD by PUBLIC SALE,
This day at 5 o'Clock in the afternoon, at the houſe of *John Cart*, on the premiſes,

A LOT OF GROUND,

SITUATE on Market and 8th ſtreets from Schuylkill: containing in front on Market-ſtreet 66 feet, and in depth on Eighth-ſtreet 306 feet. The whole to be divided into ſmall lots, of 22 feet front on Market-ſtreet and 100 feet deep, and 20 front and 66 feet on Eighth-ſtreet—The ſaid lots are to be ſold for cash on executing the deeds.

IS NOW IN THE PRESS,
And will be publiſhed with all poſſible expedition,

CALVARY;

Or, The Death of Chriſt:
A POEM, IN EIGHT BOOKS.
By RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SUCH perſons as are ſtill in poſſeſſion of ſubſcription papers for the above work, are reſpectfully requeſted to forward them to

NEALE & KAMMERER, jun.
No. 24, North Third-ſtreet.

WHO HAVE ON HAND,

A collection of valuable Books,

Of the lateſt and beſt editions;—Alſo, a variety of children's books, primers, &c. by the groſs, dozen or ſingle.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

AN APPRENTICE

To the Printing-Buſineſs.
Apply at the Office of the Philadelphia Minerva.